

THE
POSTHUMOUS WORKS
OF THE LATE
GEORGE MENZIES,
BEING A COLLECTION OF
POEMS, SONNETS, &c., &c.,
WRITTEN AT VARIOUS TIMES
WHEN THE AUTHOR WAS CONNECTED
WITH THE
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THE MOTHER :
IN THREE SONNETS.

I.

The young glad mother clasps her infant boy
With speechless, breathless passion. O, how sweet
that hour
Of mute entrancement !—Sacred is the joy
That sheds a halo round the first born flower
Of wedded love ! Her soul's warm feelings gush
In one full tide of blessings on his head—
Deep, fathomless, and agonizing is the rush
Of woman's dearest hopes concentrated
Round her fair child ! No chilling thought of earth
Is there—to bow her buoyant spirit down—
For she hath given a deathless being birth :
An heir of hope—a baby of her own.
O ! who can scan the mystery of bliss,
In which is shrined the first maternal kiss ?

II.

The curtained window, and the noiseless tread
Of the sad wife—her very breathing hushed
To painfulness—her babies, around that bed,
With hearts that sob to breaking—faces flushed
With tears of anguish—'tis a scene of dread,
And terrible probation. All her soul is crushed
With agony's unutterable thrill,
As on that dear one's pale and pulseless brow
She lays her hand, and feels its deadly chill,

'Tis too, too much—a spell is on her now—
 She speaks not—weeps not—clings more closely still:
 Love's first sweet moment, wedlock's holy vow,
 And years and years of past endearment pour
 A thousand memories on that startling hour !

III.

Years have gone by—to that fair boy, glad years
 Of spirits unrebuked and tameless glee ;
Her cheek, once bright, is tracked with widow's tears
 And all her hopes of earthly joy, to be,
 Are chilled and blighted now ; and all her fears
 Are with a reckless wanderer of the sea,
 Whose homeless steps a wayward fate pursue,
 Through paths by peril and by guilt beset ;
 While one fond heart, unconquerably true,
 Till hope is hopeless, hopes to see him yet.
 Of *her* forgeiful, *he* is cherished still,
 A bright and beauteous idol of her heart :
 Years may not weaken—coldness cannot chill
 A *mother's love*--'tis of her soul a part !

 GRAVES.

Go to the graves, and ask of them
 How notelessly have fled,
 The years so full of life to thee,
 O'er their forgotten dead !

And when the chequered earthly years
 Have run their mystic race,
 As hushed will be the foot of time
 Above thy dwelling-place.

Go—if thy spirit fain would learn
 The blessedness of prayer—
 Go to the graves at even-tide,
 And breathe thy vespers there.

O! tread not idly on the spot
 Where dreamless sleepers be,
 The voiceless dust beneath thy feet,
 Once waked and wept like thee.

Each relic there, howe'er minute,
 And hid from mortal ken,
 Is pregnant with a germ of life
 That will not die again.

The grave is *blessed*—gentle thoughts
 Of joys for ever fled,
 Spring out amid the sunny flowers
 That grow above the dead.

And stricken hearts may gather hopes,
 Amid the grass that waves
 O'er buried ones, of meeting them

Again beyond the graves.

The grave is *sacred*—for the dust
 Within its dark abode,
 Renascent yet, shall walk in all
 The glorious light of God.

The grave is *holy*—know ye not,
 That He who came to save
 The dying from the power of death,
 Once slumbered in the grave.

To Him who owned that earthly grave,
 The victory was given ;
 And hopes are clustering round it now,
 That link the sou! with Heaven.

“JESUS WEPT.”

Martha of Bethany, weep not for him ;
 Though severed for aye from his sister and thee
 —He hath gone to his home with the bright seraphim,
 O ! reckon not the ban of the dark Saducee,

Mary of Bethany, loved of the Lord,
 The Mighty to save and the Strong to deliver
 —A well-spring of life at Immanuel's word,
 Flows rejoicingly onward for ever and ever.

Sisters of Bethany, why should ye weep ?

Faith is wreathing a garland of life for your dead ;
But O! ere he wake from his slumber so deep,
There are purer and holier tears to be shed.

Mourners of Bethany, marked ye that sigh,

By the lone "Man of Sorrows" in bitterness heaved,
And saw ye that tear in Immanuel's eye
For the dead, the beloved, the sad, the bereaved ?

Doubters of Bethany, heard ye that prayer

By the meek and the lowly of Bethlehem spoken ?
O! say was there nought but humanity there,
When the spell that had bound the departed was
broken.

Believer of Bethany, wake from the grave ;

'Tis the jubilee note of salvation to thee ;
The despised, the rejected, is mighty to save
Hosannah for ever—the captive is free !

JESUS SAITH UNTO HER, MARY.

There is a voice, though kindly meant,
That yet is cold and tame,
Unless among its words we hear
Our own familiar name.

The name in sadness spoken,

Thrills the bosom's deepest chord,
 And in tenderness pronounced, it is
 Affection's dearest word.

That name when uttered wisely,
 Is omnipotent to win
 Our wandering feet from out the ways
 Of sorrow and of sin.

For never was there warning, said
 In other word that came
 Solemnly as that which speaks
 Our own familiar name.

'Tis whispered in the hour of dreams,
 when friends are far apart,
 Restoring home and gladness
 To the worn and weary heart.

"Why weepest thou?" the MASTER said
 In unremembered speech,
 The mourner's heart was deeper smit,
 Than stranger voice might reach.

"Mary?" he said, that well known voice,
 That gentle household word,
 Waked the glad recognition
 Of her Saviour and her Lord.

“ Mary ! ”—it was a spell to stir
 Unutterable feelings ;
 And hope and joy came rushing back,
 With all their bright revealings.

A D R E A M .

I dreamed a wondrous dream, methought,
 I wandered out afar
 Through yonder azure heaven, and sought
 Some other brighter star.

I journey'd on and journey'd through
 Full many a world above,
 And met with Spirits bright and true
 Once objects of my love.

I walked from world to world to find
 One brighter than another ;
 But still the dream was on my mind—
Where shall I find my Mother ?

I searched among these glorious things
 Around and everywhere ;
 They told me I must plume my wings,
 Because she was not there.

I flew and flew, I know not well
 How very, very far ;

At length where higher Spirits dwell
I found my Mother's star.

I greeted her who gave me birth ;
She beckoned me away,
And told me to go back to earth—
For I must learn to *pray*.

ON SNUFFING THE CANDLE OUT.

I reckon not of the world that snuff—
'Tis all the same to me ;
For I am sure to get enough
Where'er my home may be.

What is there in the world that I
Should care a *snuff* about it,
When line on line says I must *die*,
And then *live* aye without it ?

If I should lack a jot of all
The little *all* I crave,
And fall me short of shroud or pall,
I'm sure to find a grave.

What should I reckon for sun or star,
Or of the radiant moon,
When I must soar or sink so far
Beyond their light so soon,

I care not how much weal or woe
 To me in life be given,
 Provided I have leave to go
 At *death* to *life* in heaven.

THE PARISH CHURCH.

Mine own beloved Zion, built upon,
 The Eternal Rock of Ages ! wheresoe'er
 I roam, the blessed Sabbath memory
 Of the old Parish Church is with me still—
 The holiest link that binds me to my home.
 Peace be within thy walls, prosperity within
 Thy palaces. Oh ! if a day should come,
 In which my country owns no Parish Church,
 How dim will be her gold !—her most fine gold,
 Alas ! how changed ! Then *Ichabod* will be
 The epitaph inscribed upon her tomb,
 And she will be a hissing and reproach,
 Like other lands that have preceded her,
 In this the *Modern Reformation* !

God hath stamped his seal upon the martyr-blood
 That yet is on her pillars, as a sign
 For the Destroying Angel to pass by,
 And leave unscathed the Holy Parish Church.

Albeit the broad Atlantic intervenes,
 Mine own old Parish Church is vividly

Before me ; and a thousand memories
 Of sunny Sabbath-days are on my heart.
 Methinks I hear the grey-haired man of God,
 Whom I regarded as a father—well I might—
 Uttering, in deep and solemn earnestness,
 The promise and the prophet-warning to his flock.
 I pause, from more besitting thoughts, to trace
 Again my own initials rudely notched,
 Long years ago, upon the "Bible-board ;"
 The old familiar faces are around ;
 And I am seated in my own old pew,
 Beside the young, the beautiful the dear.
 Along the board is ranged a row of books,
 With here a faded rose, and there
 A sprig of fragrant thyme or southern wood,
 Between the leaves, to mark the preacher's text.

Within that Church, 'he name I since have borne,
 Before unheard beyond the household hearth,
 Was first revealed amid the holy words
 Of the Baptismal rite—the sprinkling hand
 Long, long ago hath mouldered into dust ;
 And the first voice that breathed a prayer for me,
 (Except a mother's and a father's prayer,)
 Hath joined the diapason of the just,
 Made perfect, near the throne of God.
 Within that Church, it was with fear
 And trembling that I first approached

The Table of the Lord. While in my hand
 I held the symbols of the sacrifice,
 And touched the chalice with a quivering lip,
 I felt upon my soul the awful vow
 Then registered in heaven—but, ah ! too oft
 Forgotten since, though since repeated oft.

The Parish Church !—Behold its ancient spire
 Peeping forth from the tall ancestral elms,
 Beneath whose shade thousands are sleeping well,
 In undistinguished and forgotten graves ;
 While here and there are old grey stones inscribed
 With quaint memorials—images of *Death*,
Time with his sandless hour-glass and his scythe,
 And legends of high hopes for ever crushed,
 Of young loves blighted, and of elder ties
 Dissolved, not broken—Scripture texts,
 Old epitaphs, and rudely chisselled rhymes.'

The Parish Church !—A blood-sealed Covenant
 Is written on her tablets ; and the gates
 Of Hell shall not prevail against her. There
 She stands in her omnipotence ; and here—
 Even here—in the deep forest-wilderness,
 She hath a voice that speaketh peace on earth,
 And good will unto men. Oh ! let my tongue
 Cleave to my mouth, and let my right hand lose
 Its cunning, if I e'er forget my own
 Old Scotland, and her Parish Church !

ON THE NEW YEAR.

Another year hath gone to join
The days of other years—
To give its blotted reckoning in
Of travail and of tears.

'Tis gone with all its change and chance,
Its struggle and its strife—
No more to grieve or gladden hearts
That yet are full of life.

Like this—like me—it had a youth
Of hope and joyance once ;
But Oh ! the blighting touch of change
Hath come upon it since.

How many that were gayest then—
Most beautiful and dear,
Now slumber in the sunless grave
With the departed year !

A spell was on it then, but now
That spell is all dissolved—
Its tale is told—a tale it was,
Of mystery yet unsolved.

Aye—of deep mystery was the tale
Of the departed year—
A sybil tale of prophecies
Of quaking and of fear.

The living world from East to West,
 (Whoe'er hath eyes to mark)
 Rocks as upon the treacherous sea,
 Rocks the becalmed bark.

Change is the Monarch of the world,
 And he hath come to reign—
 A shadowy smiter of the earth—
 Till he be changed again,

There is a quivering of the heart,
 A fever in the blood
 Of social life—and other change
 Is coming like a flood.

'Tis coming ; and we cannot stay
 Its majesty and might,
 Whatever its millennium bring
 Of darkness or of light.

Oh ! what a sleepless thing it is,
 This breathing world of ours—
 Man would not rest, although his bed
 Were one of Eden-flowers.

ON THE SAME.

What is the story of the years,
 That have forever past ?
 A pile of graves, a race of babes,
 To people graves at last.

What are past years but broken links
 Of an unending chain ?
 Whose fragments men would gather up—
 But gather all in vain.

Some labour, think, and suffer much
 To win a deathless name ;
 But years will crumble down on years,
 To make a grave for fame.

Oh ! if no more enduring thing
 Than year succeeding year,
 Be ours in life's vast wilderness,
 We have no business here.

Say, were those earthly years to man
 For useless purpose given ?
 Oh no ! they are the ladder-steps
 That lead him up to heaven.

Flowers cling around those ladder-steps,
 And stars are bright above ;
 And God, who measures out our years,
 Is all a God of love.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

There is a grave—a nameless one,
 Beyond the pathless sea ;
 And Oh ! that little lowly spot
 Is brighter unto me,

Than all the world of beautiful things,
 In vain around me spread—
 'Tis better that the lonely one
 Should linger with the dead.

The living and the beautiful
 May charm a little space,
 But the dead are ours for ever,
 And their home our dwelling place—

The dead, they slumber long and well,
 And the living, from the grave,
 May cull as sweet a fancy-flower
 As gladness ever gave.

Would that my path were once again,
 Upon the sleepless sea,
 With swelling sails, my native land,
 To bear me on to thee.

What is there in my native land,
 To wile my footsteps thither?
 There is no blossom in its bowers,
 That is not doomed to wither.

My hopes that once were brightest there,
 Have perished long ago,
 And I have been a pilgrim since—
 A wanderer to and fro.

But still that lowly grave remains,
 The holiest, and the last
 Of all the cherished memories
 That consecrate the past.

Were I beside that grave again,
 Unbidden tears would start,
 To melt this icy weariness
 That preys upon my heart.

It was not thus in other times,
 When she who slumbers there,
 Threw over me the shield of love,
 The panoply of prayer,

Not thus, while she, whoever else
 Were faithless or estranged,
 Still loved me with a mother's love,
 Unfaltering and unchanged.

She died--and though I wept such tears
 As man may weep but once,
 The bitter thoughts bequeathed me then,
 Return too often since.

I laid her in that humble grave--
 No pompous words were said;
 And few there were to note the tears
 Of anguish that I shed.

But musings and remembrances
 That lift the chastened heart

Above the chilling influence
 That earthly thoughts impart—
 These, breathing deeper holiness
 Around the shrine of prayer—
 These are the sole sad epitaph,
 That I have written there.

STANZAS.

WRITTEN AFTER SEVERE ILLNESS.

The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth
 not intermeddle with its joy.—PROV. 14, 10.

Probe ye the inmost human heart,
 Lay all its records bare ;
 Still it hath hidden mysteries,
 That show no record there.

It may be dark, it may be bright,
 Still it is undefined—
 The untransmitted history,
 Of man's immortal mind.

Scan ye all passions through and through
 With wisdom most profound—
 Each hath a deeper depth beyond
 The deepest ye can sound.

Knows he whose bread is won by toil
 And wet with many a tear.

Aught of the serpents that entwine
 The ribbon of the peer ?
 Or can the peer appreciate half
 The heart-felt thankfulness
 Of the poor peasant's praise to God,
 That blessings are not less ?
 Oh ! when the heart is crush'd and sear'd,
 Who then can understand
 The pressure of the load, or test
 The fierceness of the brand ?
 Can the lone watcher by the bed
 Of anguish and of pain,
 See the wild shapes, or read the dreams,
 That haunt the fevered brain ?
 Ask not the stricken one who pines
 Through weary watchful hours,
 To list with you the hymn of birds,
 Rejoicing in their bowers,
 He knows not you, ye know not him ;
 For God's own finger seals
 That strange antithesis of thought,
 Which mind from mind conceals.
 All human sympathy hath bounds—
 One stranger passing by
 Another, knoweth not how much
 Of joy or grief is nigh,

Each heart hath its own secrets now
 Of pleasure or of pain ;
 But they shall all be yet reveal'd,
 And all to each made plain.

And when the books are opened up,
 Disclosing hidden springs,
 Each heart shall find itself hath been
 One of the strangest things.

Its motives and its mysteries,
 Unfelt, unknown before,
 Shall then become a source of joy
 Or anguish evermore.

BRIDAL-DAY REFLECTIONS.

Why put I on thy hand that ring ?—
 However dear the token
 Of living love, the knot it ties
 One day must yet be broken.

The link that joins most lovingly
 Two loving hearts in one,
 Is oft the first to snap in twain,
 Or be by death undone.

 Evil spirit lurketh round
 The brightest ways of life,
 To find some spot whereon to sow
 The seeds of bitter strife.

Deep love may meet this evil thing,
 And struggle to disarm it ;
 But deepest love may not possess
 Sufficient strength to charm it.

The venom'd snake will wend its way
 Among the sweetest flowers,
 And tempest-clouds will overcast
 The brightest, sunniest hours.

Oh ! life hath many bitter things
 To toil and travel through—
 None else like two hearts once made one.
 Made alien hearts anew.

But I will not predict, my love,
 Such lot for thee and me ;
 Yet the knot now knit must be unknit.
 Whate'er the pang may be.

Let fond hearts wrap them as they may
 With all their love about ;
 The watchful messenger of death
 Is sure to find them out ;

And he will wring the life of life
 From out the living heart,
 When he pierceth through his chosen one
 With his unerring dart.

A briefer breath than that which breathes
 Our natural consent
 To be made one, will one day break
 This solemn covenant.

But love is an eternal thing,
 However tossed and driven,
 And maketh hearts, once link'd on earth,
 One heart again in heaven.

"ALL IS VANITY SAITH THE PREACHER."

I love the bright green earth, I love
 The ever living sea—
 The deep blue sky, the noontide sun,
 How beautiful they be !

And Oh ! how sweet it is to list
 The brooklet's vesper tune,
 And breathe the heart's idolatry
 To the pale vestal moon !

Such was mine early phantasy—
 The poetry of my heart,
 For beauty, glory, gladness, then
 Were of my soul a part.

Days passed—I linked myself with man
 And bowed to woman's sway
 The breath of human fellowship
 Swept all the spell away.

Then came the long, long troubled years
 Of passion and of pride—
 New idols charmed a little while,
 And then were cast aside.

Years passed—the earth became a dream,
 And heaven's untrodden blue
 A mirror of vague mysteries,
 Distorted and untrue.

Years are fleet travellers, and they send
 No joyous tidings back—
 Long, selfish, stern and desolate,
 Man follows in their track.

Then like a wearied child he sleeps
 With the forgotten dead;
 And o'er his grave a few cold words
 Of studied prayer are said.

All earthly things are vanity
 And weariness and pain;
 And man himself, the lord of all—
 Alas! how very vain!

But lo! the morning star of hope
 Bursts the funeral gloom,
 And flowers of faithful promise shed
 A glory round the tomb.

Though time and sorrow break the spell
 To earth-born fancy given
 The grave itself may echo back
 The poetry of heaven.

The earth again is redolent
 Of all things fresh and fair,
 The sea is glorious, for the power
 Of God is written there.

The stars too in the unfathomed depths
 Of heaven's own solitude,
 Commune together in the joy
 Of mystic brotherhood.

And I may walk amid those stars
 And wreath a diadem,
 For truth of the undying light
 Which now encircles them.

S T A N Z A S .

"As it happeneth to the fool, so it happeneth even to me, and why was I there more wise? Then I said in my heart that *this* also is vanity."—ECCLESIASTES.

What boots it that on seraph wings,
 The ambitious spirit mounts the skies
 And talks alone with mystic things
 Disclosed to telescopic eyes?

What boots it that the learned pry
 Among the secrets yet afar ?
 They cannot find their way so high
 As even to reach the lowest star.

The eagle's wing may cleave the clouds,
 And float o'er mountain hill, and dale ;
 But just as grand the shell that shrouds
 The crawling melancholy snail.

Perchance that when the eagle falls
 A victim in the fowler's snare, ¶
 The least ambitious snail that crawls
 May still be creeping freely there.

So with the foolish and the wise,
 Just as the destiny is given ;
 While one is creeping to the skies
 The other may fall down from heaven.

What reck I of that idle thing,
 Which men call wisdom here below ?
 'Tis nothing but a lamp to bring
 To light how little we can know.

Will not the foolish sleep as well
 Beneath the rudely trodden green,
 As he of whom proud mottoes tell
 Some wisdom that *perhaps* hath been ?

I would not grudge an hour or twain
 To see what I have seen, once more,
 But would I wish to be again
 The thing that I have been before ?

'Tis vanity what I have been,
 And what on earth I hope to be ;
 'Tis vanity that I have seen,
 And naught but vanity I see.

What need I reckon to be called wise
 Upon some monumental stone,
 If I should see the foolish rise .
 To heaven, and leave me here alone ?

Oh ! not alone but with such peers
 As fools themselves would scorn to own—
 I care not for the *marble tears*,
 Give me the poorest beggar's *throne*.

TO MY VILLAGE HOME.

My Village home !—the home of all
 The best and brightest of my days,
 Ere I beheld the shadows fall
 That since have dark'ned all my ways—
 My Village home, across the deep
 And dark Atlantic's stormy wave—
 Would that I were with thee to weep
 Again upon my mother's grave.

To weep upon her grave, and think
 As he who mourns a mother should,
 Till on my spirit there would sink
 The musings of a calmer mood :
 And magic memory then would wreath
 Her dew-flowers round mine aching head,
 And teach my chast'ned heart to breathe
 A requiem o'er mine only dead.

Mine only dead ! Ah me ! perhaps
 Some other hearts are stricken down ;
 For well may time's minutest lapse
 Suffice to wreath a cypress crown.
 Aye—well may time and tide efface
 A dream of brightest colouring,
 And make my home a desert place,
 My heart an isolated thing.

But still'd shall be the boding thought,
 And hush'd the voice of shadowy fear ;
 For fairy visions, fancy wrought,
 Shall come to soothe my wanderings here.
 My harp, that utter'd forth the praise
 Of many a beauteous mountain maid,
 Shall cheer my lonely latter days,
 In this far world of sylvan shade.

There is a land of lake and stream,
 A boundless depth of solitude,

That never wak'd poetic dream,
 Nor echo'd song however rude :
 My way is through its trackless gloom,
 Impervious erst to sound or sight,
 Save savage howl, or thunder boom,
 The meteor and the fire-fly's light.

But I will gather, as I roam,
 The fairest of Hesperian flowers—
 A garland for my Village home,
 To decorate its broom-wood bowers :
 And many a fair one, far away,
 Perchance may yet rejoice to know
 Some yet unsung, unfancied lay,
 From him who lov'd them long ago.

And they may pause awhile to hear,
 Who heard unmov'd when I was nigh—
 Young hearts will throb, and memory's tear
 Will start in many an elder eye :
 And thoughts and feelings long forgot,
 Amid the undistinguish'd throng,
 Of changes in their earthly lot,
 May recognise the awakening song.

And when the tale on tardy wing,
 Shall reach my Village home at last,
 That I am a departed thing,
 A shadowy memory of the past—

'Twill touch a yet surviving chord ;
 And mine a living name may be—
 A fondly cherish'd village word—
 An era in its history.

D E A T H .

How idly and how flippantly
 The name of Death is said
 By him who never watch'd and prayed
 Beside a dying bed !

The gladsome and the glorious things
 Of hope that cluster round
 The path of life, a little while,
 May more and more abound.

But ah ! to-morrow keepeth not
 The promise of to-day,
 And man must yield his spirit back,
 However fain to stay.

The strong, the weak, the wise, the fool
 The despot and his slave,
 The crested count, the peasant churl—
 All journey to the grave.

Not star-eyed beauty's self can win
 A ransom or escape

From wedlock with the hideous worm—
Herself a hideous shape.

One asking look, one struggle more,
For one more gasp of breath—
The last life-clutch forgoes its hold—
Oh God!—and this is death!

If this were all, and if there were
No spirit-life on high,
Oh! then, to live were less than life,
'Twere more than death to die.

THE OLD MAN.

God bless that very, very old
And solitary man,
Who doseth out his weary life,
Now shrunken to a span!

To him the lamp of consciousness
Is feebly burning out—
The flickering of an undefined,
Unutterable doubt,

In his elbow chair he rocketh,
Like a baby, to and fro;
While down his sere and sallow cheek
Unmeaning tears do flow.

There is no light of by-gone years
 Upon his shrivelled face,
 But his glazed and sunken eye is fixed
 On blank, unpeopled space.

I need not ask thee, Ancient One,
 Albeit thou art the last
 And only link connecting now
 The passing with the past—

I need not ask thee to relate
 The changes thou hast seen—
 To thee all time is but a dream
 Of something that hath been—

A dream that faintly pencill'd out
 On thy time-clouded brain,
 Imparteth neither hope nor fear,
 Nor aught of joy or pain ;

But a dim and indistinct array
 Of vague imaginings—
 Thou knowest not whether they are *past*,
 Or only *passing* things.

I need not ask thee of the friends
 That loved thee long ago—
 Blight after blight fell on their hearts,
 And smote them, one by one.

And thou art now a lonely thing,
 Neglected—loving not—
 A remnant of an entity,
 Forgetting and forgot.

A few brief days—a very few,
 Will lay thy weary head
 Among the men of other years—
 Thine own forgotten dead.

And thou wilt sleep as soundly there,
 As if were given to thee
 A niche in the high places
 Of immortal memory.

As deeply wilt thou slumber,
 Nor less willingly awake,
 When the voice of the ETERNAL ONE
 That dreamless sleep shall break.

A R E V E R I E .

Oh! my stricken heart is yearning
 To wander out afar,
 Through yonder azure heaven to seek
 Some "bright particular star"—

Some world of beauty rarer
 Than that which gladdens ours,
 Where no deadly poison lurks among
 The petals of the flowers—

"Where the wicked cease from troubling
 And the weary are at rest,"
 Where to live is life indeed,
 And to breathe is to be blest.

Methinks there are ten thousand worlds
 Revolving in the sky
 Beneath the more immediate glance
 Of God's own guardian eye ;

And I would fainly journey through
 All these bright world's above,
 In search of one whose people dwell
 In harmony and love.

And in my search perhaps I might
 Find one designed to be
 A refuge from the cares of earth—
 A home for *mine* and *me*.

I am weary of the things *without*,
 Of sorrow and of sin,
 And still more weary of the pangs
 That these inflict *within*.

Then let me walk from star to star,
 And while I walk between,
 Discover what I yet may be
 By knowing what I've been.

I know not which of all these worlds
 Possesses *more* of bliss,
 But surely, save one wanderer, all
 Have *less* of pain than this.

Oh ! it would be a glorious thing
 To travel to and fro
 Through all those *worlds*, and make a choice
 To which we are to go.

One star in glory differeth
 From every other star ;
 But still a path might lie between
 The near one and the far.

That star would be *my* chosen one
 That lighted me the path
 To any heaven in which to find
 Those I once met in wrath—

Each having his peculiar heaven,
 Where earthly quarrels cease,
 Yet visitants at will, to meet
 In separate heavens at peace.

OUR AIN FOUK.

Our ain fouk, our ain fouk,
 Around the household hearth—
 Thae kindly words are understood
 And felt o'er a' the earth.

A solace to the stricken heart,
 Repose to weary feet,
 And a welcome said in ony tongue,
 In ilka clime is sweet.

I've been amang the fremit fouk,
 And in an unco land
 Ha'e felt in mine the thrilling touch
 O' mony a gentle hand.

I've heard the stranger breathe my name
 In blessing and in prayer,
 And kindly words frae maiden lips
 Ha'e met me ilka where.

But the heart's most deep and holy thochts
 Nae ither voice can reach,
 Than the voice that breathes the music
 O' our ain domestic speech.

V E R S E S

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM KEPT AT THE TABLE ROCK
 NIAGARA FALLS, DURING A THUNDER STORM,

Niagara, Niagara,
 Careering in its might—
 The fierce and free Niagara
 Shall be my theme to night.

A glorious theme, a glorious hour,
 Niagara, are mine--
 Heaven's fire is on thy flashing wave,
 Its thunder blends with thine.

The clouds are bursting fearfully,
 The rocks beneath me quiver ;
 But thou, unscathed, art hurrying on
 Forever and forever.

Years touch thee not, Niagara--
 Thou art a changeless thing ;
 And still the same deep roundelay
 Thy solemn waters sing.

For years and years upon my heart,
 A sleepless passion dwelt,
 To be where Nature's present God,
 Is most intensely felt.

This is the shrine at which the soul
 Is tutored to forget
 The weakness and the earthliness
 That cling around it yet.

Who that hath ever lingered here
 A little hour or twain,
 Can think as he hath thought, or be
 What he hath been again ?

Where'er the pilgrim's feet may roam,
 Whate'er his lot may be,
 'Twill still be written on his heart,
 That he hath been with thee.

THE EMIGRANT'S ADDRESS TO SCOTLAND.

My SCOTLAND! how that magic name
 Wakes in my heart the patriot flame!
 Home of the beautiful and brave,
 Thy gleaming lochs and woods that wave
 Their boughs of ever-living green
 O'er many a storied battle scene,
 Where deeds of valour have been done,
 And crowns and kingdoms lost and won—
 The shadowy glen, the sweeping strath,
 The deep ravine, the rugged path,
 By dizzy crag and water-fall,
 Untrod and unapproached by all,
 Save him whose heart may never quail
 In peril's hour, the hardy Gael—
 The Grampians, darkly shadowed forth,
 Like guardian spirits of the North,
 Enthroning their majestic forms
 Amid the gloom of boreal storms—
 The beautiful and Eden spots
 Around the castles and the cots
 The bonnie holmes, the murmuring streams,

Serene as fancy's summer dreams—
 These are the haunts, and these the home
 Of those I love, where'er I roam.

Where is the tameless mountaineer ?
 The Highland maiden, once so dear ?
 And where are the fraternal few,
 Whose hearts, indomitably, true,
 Twined round and round my earliest ways,
 Nor left me when the darker day
 Of manhood's pride and passion came
 To cast their shadows o'er my name ?
 They live ; but Oh ! they live to me
 In the far world of memory :
 While I, through howling solitudes,
 A mateless pilgrim of the woods,
 With hopeless heart and weary foot,
 My onward journey prosecute.
 It soothes my spirit yet to think,
 That when the last remaining link
 That binds me to the world shall burst,
 The friends that loved me best and first,
 May lay my not unhonoured head
 Among mine own paternal dead.

Land of the early stricken heart,
 Whose burning numbers yet impart
 Undying glory to the tongue,
 In which the illustrious *Peasant* sung !

Land of the cradle and the grave
 Of *him* whose mighty spirit gave
 To many a spot, before unknown,
 A name enduring as his own !
 Magician minstrel, rest thee well :
 Though mute thy harp, its wizard spell
 Is o'er uncounted bosoms still,
 To soothe, to sadden, and to thrill :
 And through the farthest years of time,
 To pilgrim hearts from every clime,
 Remote and near, thy grave shall be
 The shrine of deep idolatry.

Land of my fathers ! though the deep
 And dark Atlantic-waters sweep
 Round desolate and dreary isles,
 Where summer verdure never smiles,
 Between me and my native land,
 There is a yet unbroken band
 That binds my heart to thine and thee---
Land of immortal minstrelsy !

AN OLD BACHELOR'S MEMORY.

Oh ! is there not one memory
 That will not all depart,
 But ever anon will hold
 Communion with the heart—

That cometh like a spirit-thing
 From out the shadowy past,
 An Iris-spell around the path,—
 Of present life to cast ?

Yes, yes, there is a memory
 The brightest and the best,
 More beautiful and glorious
 By far than all the rest.

And yet this memory, all so dear,
 Brings sadness with it too,
 It tells of early withered joys,
 And hopes that were untrue.

Oh ! like a bright wall flower that blooms
 About the ruins grey,
 Is that fair memory, sweet though sad,
 Of young life's gladsome day ;

Or like a daisy's blossom
 On some grave of other years,
 That memory sheds a beauty
 Where there once were bitter tears.

That memory is one of his,
 Who in new coat arrayed,
 Went forth some fifty years ago,
 To woo a pretty maid.

As on he went his heart was full
 Of rapture, felt but once—
 He would not give that star-lit hour
 For half a century since.

As on he went, they told him how
 His bran-new coat was spoiled ;
 Yet still "in glory and in joy,"
 He walked and walked, and smiled.

But when he reached the love-lit bower
 Of his own lady fair,
 He found the lady, but he found
The tailor too was there.

MEETINGS.

As we hasten on, and on, and on,
 Away through life, and away
 We meet with joy, and love and flowers ;
 But Oh ! they will not stay.

We meet with bright and beauteous things,
 And things unholy too—
 With faces wearing angel smiles,
 And bosoms all untrue.

Among the nameless, countless crowd
 Of unremembered men,
 We meet with those who waken thoughts
 That will not sleep again.

We meet with those whose memory,
 Like a night-mare on our sleep
 Brings with it, ever and anon,
 A bitter curse and deep.

But *one* shall be the meeting yet,
 And *one* the meeting-day,
 When the trump of God shall tell the dead,
 That time hath passed away.

A MONODY.

The moon is sailing "high and dry,"
 The wind is blowing free,
 But both will change and change again,
 Yet bring no *change* to me.

Time flies, and so the little flies
 Are flying all about
 My candle—I am warm within,
 And have no "cold without."

They tell me that Reform is good,
 And makes a garden bower—
 A paradise of earth, but Oh !
 To me it brings no *flour*.

I reckon not of your loyalty,
 Why should I bow me down
 Before a *Sovereign* now reduced
 To less than *half-a-crown*?

In tinkering this "connexion" up,
 They'll spoil it out and in
 Unless I help, but Oh ! I can't,
 Because I have no *tin*.

I think in spending money free
 There is a deal of sense ;
 But I'm weary of this weary world,
 Because of the *ex-pence*.

T I M E.

Time ever sleepless, runs its race
 Of chance and change, and cark and care,
 Leaving at every step a trace
 That some destroyer hath been there.

We travel with that viewless thing,
 Unconscious of its speed and power,
 While fancy still is lingering
 To gaze on some sweet way side flower.

Time doth not stay to ponder on
 Departed cycles, years and days
 It is *our* history alone
 That sheds a memory on *his* ways.

Oh ! were it not for human things
 Struggling to find some world of bliss,
 From year to year time's shadowy wings
 Would flap unheeded over this.

There might be sun and moon and star,
 All brightening an approachless heaven,
 But they would be less glorious far,
 If nought of man to earth were given.

'Tis human hopes and human fears
 That make the world's reality—
 'Tis man alone that giveth years
 The sternness of their entity.

Albeit that man's companionship
 With earthly years is full of strife,
 There are bright moments when his lip
 May touch some hidden spring of life—

Of human life so deeply set
 In beauty of immortal birth,
 That he, the dreamer, may forget
 His joy and love are all of earth.

But all of earth although the dear,
 The beautiful, the bright may be,
 They shadow forth a spirit here
 That dwelleth in eternity.

J E R E M I A D .

I like not thus to be cast aside,
 Like a useless piece of lumber,
 With nothing to do from morn to night,
 But the weary hours to number,

And totter about from nook to nook
 Of my room with quivering creepers,
 And glimmer out on the world abroad
 With dim and jaundiced peepers.

The mail coach comes as it came before,
 And it brings to me the journals;
 But they're sealed books all alike to me,
 Both the weeklies and diurnals.

I know not what is a-going on,
 But people who come about me
 Say that the world is wagging away
 Uncommonly well without me.

'Tis a bitter thing to be lightly miss'd,
 But it is from pain and sorrow
 That we learn to value the blessings of health,
 And sweets from past bitters to borrow.

The worst that is now might be worse,
 And thus I have this consolation,
 While shelved, to know that though shelved for
 It would not ruin the nation. [good,

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

We saw her in her morn of life,
 A bright and gladsome thing,
 That breathed into our heart of hearts
 The spirit of the spring.

We saw the flowers of joy and hope—

The flowers that will not stay—
Grow round her for a little while,
Betokening no decay.

But oh! a canker-worm was there—

The beauty and the bloom
Were but as meteor-lights that rise,
To leave a deeper gloom.

We saw her pine and pine away

Like an untimely flower,
That opes its eye-lids to the sun,
And withers in an hour.

We felt her young heart faintly throb

Mark'd her bright eye's eclipse,
And saw the dews of death descend
Upon her quivering lips.

We laid her in an early grave,

And wept to lay her there ;
We miss her by the household hearth,
And note her empty chair.

But she hath found a brighter home—

A holier than ours,
Where *hope* is *truth*, and joy and love
Are never fading flowers.

MEETING OF MOTHERS IN HEAVEN.

I dreamed I saw two mothers meet

Beside the eternal throne ;

And these two mothers were, my love,

Thy mother and mine own.

Although they ne'er had met on earth,

They knew each other well,

On meeting in that cloudless land

Where sinless spirits dwell.

I had seen both their coffins laid

In far divided tombs—

Between their burial places now

The eternal ocean booms.

And yet methought I saw them meet

In light of love divine,

As if they had been early friends—

Thy mother, love, and mine.

I heard them talk together long

Of dear ones left behind

As if they wished us then with them,

One family combined.

Methought they were commissioned then

By God himself to be

Twin guardian angels, dearest one,

To watch o'er thee and me.

Then let us, as we journey on,
 No matter how or where,
 Pray that when earth's stern strife is past
 We meet our mothers there.

LIFE AS IT IS.

Give me marbles, give me tops,
 Saith the merry playful boy ;
 Give me beauty, give me love,
 Saith the ardent youth, and joy.

The young in search of pleasure,
 Say there is no labour lost,
 If we get but our full measure,
 No matter what it cost.

Press all beauty, press all beauty,
 To your heart and to your lips,
 Saith the young one, for its sunny light
 Can never know eclipse.

Sip the nectar, sip the nectar,
 Say the thoughtless, and rejoice,
 • Unheedful of the echo
 Of a bitter warning voice.

Give me dancing, give me singing,
 Say the glad ones and the fair ;
 They dream not of the pest, perchance,
 That danceth, singeth there.

Give me power and place and pension,
 Saith the bold ambitious one,
 And I'll be deemed a patriot
 When my course of life is done.

Gold and silver, saith the miser,
 Are the things that I regard;
 As for taking pains to live at all,
 The one—the sole reward;

For when old death shall come at last,
 And find me in a lurch,
 Though I leave my relatives to starve
 I can endow *a church*.

Life is a thing of wishes—
 Not all of them forbidden.
 But all in vain, unless they reach
 To things that yet are hidden.

SONNET ON THE LATE LORD SYDENHAM,

We saw him in the counting-house with men
 Of eager trade—a plodding youth--and then,
 We looked among the senatorial band,
 And found him there—the sages of the land
 Were gathering round the low toned speech to scan,
 Of a thin voiced and melancholy man,*

* When he speaks he is always listened to with attention.—
Random recollections of the House of Commons.

It was the merchant-statesman—honours came
 Flocking upon him, and begirt his name—
 Kings sought his counsel—Queens were fain to
 His aid; and bound him to a mighty task—
 To found a state—in which the wise had fail'd—
 He came, he saw, like Cæsar, and prevailed†—
 Built the strong pillars of a glorious empire—gave
 His name to history, and won—an early grave!

SCOTLAND.

Auld Scotland is my toast the night
 Gif ony body speir it:
 But I've a wee bit preface till't
 Gin ye will whisht to hear it.

'This is a braw braid warld eneugh
 Wi' walth for fouk to win it;
 But tell me, cronies, gin ye ken
 O' but *ae* Scotland in it.

'Though thrawart in her air an' yirth
 An' scant o' fouk's providin,
 Ken ye o' ony ither land
 That ye wad tak sic pride in?

We dinna lichtly unco lands,
 Loved and revered by ithers;

† *Veni, vidi, vici.*—*Cæsar.*

They've a their kindly memories--
 But O! they're nae *our mither's*.

We needna brag o' auld King Bruce
 Nor o' the stalwart Wallace,
 For towmonts half a thousand tauld,
 The world has kent *them* brawlies.

We dinna blaw o' Burns or Scott,
 Because they're o' our nation—
Their names are blazon'd histories
 Owre a' the braid creation.

We boast o' Scotland's *common fouk*,
 Fouk like oursel's, wha never
 Forget the Parish Kirk and Schule—
 "*Auld Scotland*," then, for ever!

EDINBURGH.

Enthroned upon the hills that rise
 Above the gleaming Forth,
 Dun Edin sits in Queenly pride,
 The Athens of the North.

It is not for her georgeous streets,
 "Her palaces and towers,"
 Nor is it for her gardens green,
 Though gay with summer flowers.

Oh! not for these, though grandeur there,
 With beauty is combined,
 But for her world of intellect,
Her congregated mind—

'Tis that which gives Edina all
 Her loftiest renown—
 'Tis that which sheds the halo round
 Our "own romantic town."

A glory circles round and round
 Our ancient regal home—
 A glory more sublime than that
 Of Athens, or of Rome.

It was not yon proud citadel,
 Though proud it well may be,
 But Scotland's own gigantic *mind*
 That kept old Scotland free.

Know ye what price those temples cost,
 That point the way to God?
 They cost the price of martyr lives—
 Were sanctified with blood.

It is not all the bright display
 Which eye of stranger greets
 That makes Edina what she is—
A Church is in her streets.

Hail to Dun Edin!—ever hail!
 Now rendered doubly dear,
 Because 'her children now may say
 "VICTORIA hath been here."

Here's to the Queen! the only one
 For hundreds of long years
 That viewed that palace grey, with eyes
 Unwet by bitter tears.

THE PARISH SCHOOL.

Whence doth that radiant glory come
 Which circles yon far land of ours,
 And makes us prouder of our home
 Than if it were a land of flowers?

For frigid clime and sterile soil
 Why should our own old Scotland care?
 Nor storm, nor poverty, nor toil
 Can crush the fervid spirit there.

Why is it so? Oh! not alone
 That on each hill, in every glen,
 Far more than monumental stone
 Tells that she hath unconquered men.

Oh, not because we never yield,
 When deeds of iron war is done,
 Or that when Scotsmen take the field
 The triumph surely *must* be won:

'Tis not to fortress or to tower
 That Scotland owes her share of rule;
 The source of all her pride and power
 Is in the lowly Parish School.

The Parish School—how warmly glows
 Each Scottish heart, whate'er its lot,
 In distant land, when memory throws
 Its halo round that hallowed spot.

Close by our Parish Church there stands,
 Albeit a fane of lowlier kind
 Than those which rise in sunnier lands,
 The nursery of a nation's *mind*.

That mind hath travelled far and wide,
 O'er every land and every sea;
 But still its proudest cause of pride,
 Our Parish School, is all of thee.

Oh glory to the Parish School,
 And honour to it every where;
 For it hath been the vestibule
 To many and many a house of prayer.

THE LAND O' CAKES.

Hurrah! for Scotland—Scotland yet—
 The land o' Kirk and Schule—
 Whae'er forgets his father-land
 Maun dree a weary dool.

He has nae pairt wi' us the nicht—
 Nae pairt wi' Scottish men—
 Whase memory never wanders back
 To native hill or glen.

There is nae truant Scotsman here,
 That winna gang wi' me
 Back to our mither's hame again,
 In memory for a' wee.

It's sweet to think on early friends
 That we in Scotland met—
 Their hames—perchance their graves are there—
 For they are Scotland's yet.

And Oh! whate'er is Scotland's aye
 To Scottish hearts is dear,
 However fondly they may be
 The loved and loving here.

We may ha'e wou'd in proud ha' house,
 Or in a' theekit cot;
 But ~~some~~ sweet spirit aye was there
 That ne'er can be forgot.

She may ha'e sung the lay we lov'd,
 Or joined us in the dance,
 Or grat when we wad tell her owre
 Some tale of auld romance;

She may ha'e herded sheep wi' us
 Upon the gowany braes,
 But she's aye a fairy memory
 About our later ways.

It's grand to gather glorious dreams
 Frae out the auld-warld store
 O' tales that tell o' stalwart men
 Wi' kilt and braid claymore,

Wha stood the stour o' mony a' fecht,
 In days o' auld lang-syne,
 To guard the freedom and the right
 That Scotland daursna tyne.

But holier memories there be,
 That bear the spirit back
 To times when ambush'd foemen watch'd
 About the kirk-ward track—

When ministers in armour prayed,
 And Scotland's Kirks were caves,
 When bairns were christened frae the burn,
 And bridal beds were—graves !

But blyther, better days ha'e come
 The feuds of other days
 Are a' forgot, and now we meet
 Wi' friends that ance were faes.

Hurrah ! for merry England's rose,
 And Erin's shamrock green—
 Hurrah ! for our Canadian hearths—
 Our altars and our QUEEN !

L A Z I N E S S .

It is a thing that feeds on its own fat
 And sleeps on its own sleep—that *laziness*.
 The man who hath it creeps about with hat
 Uncock'd, and pantaloons half buttonless ;
 And yet it may be, though 'tis damning sin
 To be so lazy that this lazy one,
 Hath spirits that have suffered more within
 Than those who blame him did, or could have done,
 The devil is not lazy—so they say—
 In going to and fro in search of prey.
 The only difference that it makes to me—
 Because to virtue I am rather civil—
 Is, if such thing I were to be,
 I'd be a *lazy*, not a *busy* devil.

THE DAYS OF DARKNESS.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun ; But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all ; yet let him remember the days of darkness ; for they shall be many."—ECCLESIASTES.

Think ye however brightly now,
 The sun may beam upon your ways

There is no token on your brow
 Prophetic of some darker days ?

Think ye the light that revels there
 Is stamped with an eternal seal
 And deem ye not that years of care
 May not a different world reveal.

Oh ! deem ye not, however bright
 A sun your birth-day morning gave,
 That it was only given to light
 Through days of darkness to the grave.

Oh ! we may gaily wander through
 A paradise of summer bloom ;
 But flowers are only gathering dew
 To shed, like tears, upon the tomb.

There is an hour that all must meet
 However soon or late it come ;
 For time walks on with restless feet
 To lead us to our final home.

One pulse throb'd out, the last of all,
 And then we seem to cease to be ;
 But can the coffin and the pall
 Enshroud the soul's eternity ?

How merrily our life may run
 Through many scarcely noted years !
 But still our story when 'tis done,
 May all be blotted out with tears.

However fondly we may clasp
 The bright and beautiful of earth,
 An hour is coming when one gasp
 Will wake us to another birth.

But where and what that birth may be—
 Can any spirit answer that?
 The only voice that reaches me
 Re-echoes only "Where and What?"

The knowledge is not given to me,
 How many years and days of life
 Await me, but their end must be
 A thing of struggle and of strife.

Then let me, as I travel on
 Select the flowers that ^{are} their dews,
 Which God when time with me hath done
 As tears for sin will not refuse.

A STORMY DAY.

Above all things I like a stormy day,
 'Tis then I send my sympathies about—
 Oh! should we not when snugly housed, with gay,
 Glad faces round us, think of those without?

It is a pleasant thing to think,
 That while abroad are smothered men and sheep,
 We are at home, to talk and eat and drink,
 And when we do get sleepy, go to sleep.

'Tis pleasant, doubtless, but there is alloy

In all this pleasantness, for there will come
The thoughts of perished wretches to annoy.

And bring up ghosts to haunt the warmest home.
The sole unmingled comfort of a stormy day
Is, it scares duns—the worst of devils—all away,

LOVE.—A SONNET.

Oh! love is an eternal thing,
Which keeps alive the thoughts that bring
All joy unto the heart.

It may perhaps at times seem cold ;
But though it waxeth old and old
It cannot all depart.

If love were only a mere thing of earth
The God of Love would not have given it birth,
The cheek's pure bloom may pass away,
The raven tresses turn to grey—
The eyes of wooed and wooer
May lose their lustre and retreat
Behind some shadows, but the beat
Of heart to heart grows truer.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

LUKE, VII, 12—15.

Oh! is it not a melancholy thing
For youth and strength to droop into the grave?
It is—but sadder far to single out

One lonely mourner from among the crowd—
 The half of whom are mummers in a show—
 One broken reed, yet quivering in the life
 That gave the life to that which lives no more,
 The mother of the dead, all desolate,
 A husbandless and childless thing of woe.
 Thus she of *Nain* was singled out by one—
 'To her a stranger, who beheld her weep.

BURNS' FESTIVAL.

On the late return to Scotland of the three sons of Burns, a public festival was got up in Ayr, the Earl of Eglington in the Chair. Professor Wilson, the celebrated Christopher North of Blackwood's Magazine, Mr. Alison, the no less celebrated historian, &c., were present.

They came from the East and the West,
 From the North and the South they were there,
 But why was it thus that they met—
 The noble, the gifted and fair?
 Oh! was it the crowning of Monarch that brought
 Together so glorious a band?
 Or was it the warrior memories
 Of our own old father land?
 Was it to sing some songs of mirth
 And be glad for a little time?
 Or was it not for a nobler aim—
 A purpose more sublime?

Oh ! yes 'twas to welcome them back—
 The sons of the Bard of Ayr
 That the pride and the genius of Scotland,
 Her high and her lovely were there.

And for whom were they there ? Oh ! say,
 Was it not for the Peasant bard,
 Who once in the depth of poverty
 Would have counted it high reward,

To have seen his sons thus welcomed back,
 To have heard the loud acclaim
 Which the genius and pride of his native land
 Award to a peasant's name.

Oh ! glory to Scotland, where peers
 Look up to a higher estate
 Than their wealth and their honors bestow,
 And *know* that a peasant is *great*.

THE SUICIDE.

Pilgrim, rest thee, dark and beamless
 Are the shades that round thee hover :
 Now thy sleep is deep and dreamless,
 Now thy painful journey's over.
 Friendless thou wert doom'd to wander—
 None beheld thy journey closing ;

Few there be that deign to ponder
O'er the place of thy reposing.

Yet, a sigh of tender sorrow,
One sad heart shall o'er thee heave—
Yet, from memory *one* shall borrow
Tears to consecrate thy grave.

Child of genius, turn thee hither;
Hallow'd is this bank of *braken*,
Where the relics of a brother
Sleep, unheeded and forsaken.

But, alas! 'tis hallow'd only
To the heart that loves to ponder
Nigh the spot, forlorn and lonely,
Where unbodied shadows wander.

Ye who ask, with looks of sadness,
Why uncropt these wild weeds grow—
'Twas the frenzied deed of madness
Laid the hapless wanderer low.

Turn not hence, for Oh the sorrow!
That destroyed his lingering hours,
May be—some unhappy morrow—
Heaven forbid it!—may be yours.

Pilgrim, rest thee, dark and beamless
Are the shades that round thee hover;

Now thy sleep is deep and dreamless,
 Now thy painful journey's over.

THE MADMAN.

Poor outcast from the light of heaven !
 Say, by what impulse art thou driven ?
 To wander thus in weary mood,
 As if no world but solitude,
 No being but thyself alone,
 No sun, no sky, existed--none !
 Or if thy bosom owns a thought
 Of aught around, thou deemest not
 That one fair trait of loveliness
 Illumes creation's dreariness.
 That shieldless head, that naked form,
 Unconscious of the pelting storm—
 That moody gait, that wilder'd eye,
 Whose gaze is bare nonentity—
 (Save, when in mem'ry's fleeting fit,
 Some feeling dark, indefinite,
 Darts on thy soul, that eye may beam,
 But Oh ! 'tis as the lightning's gleam,
 Or mountain-spirit's vigil light,
 That sweeps across the wild by night !)—
 That brow, whose lines of wasting sadness,
 Have triumph'd o'er the skaith of madness—
 These--of thy wayward soul declare,

And tell of dreams that revel there,
 More wild than aught of fancy's train
 That ever dwelt in poet's brain.

THE PARTING.

Farewell, my love ! but ere we sever,
 This last embrace—adieu for ever !
 For ever ! no some happier morn
 May dawn, to welcome my return ;
 And if that morn should never come,
 To hail thy wayward wanderer home,
 There is a brighter, happier shore,
 Where we may meet, to part no more.
 Full many a parting I have known ;
 Farewell hath even familiar grown.
 Yes—I have given a parting sigh
 To all I loved beneath the sky ;
 But Oh ! till now, I never knew
 The deep, deep anguish of adieu—
 Another sigh—another tear—
 What boots it now to linger here ?
 The heartless talk, the lingering look,
 The shake of hands, I cannot brook.
 But one short moment ere I go,
 One moment of unmingled woe ;
 Thus, I would round thee, round thee twine,

And graft my very soul on thine—
 And then—adieu ! adieu for ever !
 I will forget thee—never !—never !

THE MANIAC MOTHER.

Blue roll'd the mist on the dark Clochnabane,
 And sad was the sigh of the heath and the fern ;
 Deep murmur'd the Dye in her shadowy glen,
 And the plover's wild lullaby rung on the Cairn ;*

A poor homeless wanderer had laid her to rest ;
 Cold was her bed on the hill, wild and bleak ;
 Sad was the sigh that arose in her breast,
 And bitter the tear-drop that dew'd her pale cheek.

Short was the pang of that sigh and that tear ;
 Fleeting and sad—'twas a dim gleam of light
 From the fountain of reason, that rose not to cheer,
 But to sadden the gloom of insanity's night.

Loose flow'd her dark tresses and play'd in the gale,
 And her cheek wore the hue and the semblance of
 death :

She lift up her mourning—Oh heard ye the tale !
 As it tremblingly swept o'er the desolate heath.

* Cairn o' Mount, a mountain in Kincardineshire.

"Rest thee, my babe ! undisturb'd be thy sleep,
 And soft be the cold earth that pillows thy head ;
 Hush ye wild winds, o'er the mountain that sweep :
 And howl not ye *brakens* that shelter his bed.

"Where, Oh my God ! is the grave of my child ?
 The grey stone that mark'd it was stain'd with a tear,
 Around it the desert's red heather bloom'd wild—
 I thought—but I dream'd, when I thought it was here.

"Ah cruel was his father to bear him away !
 Sad, sad was the night—I remember it well
 My bosom grew cold, and my heart went astray—
 Each blast of the wind seem'd his funeral knell."

How dim is that eye, now extinguish'd in death !
 How pallid the cheek that once rival'd the rose !
 "My child!" she exclaim'd, with the last thro' of breath.
 And her soul sought the realms of eternal repose.

THE LOVER'S RHAPSODY.

Oft have I felt a tender sympathy.
 I thought 'twas love, but 'twas a milder glow ;
 I knew not then that love was ecstasy,
 Or boundless transport, or severest woe.

Ah then ! my bosom had not learn'd to beat,
 With that sweet rapture of a fleeting hour,

I since have felt, and never can forget,
 'Twas love's delirium, passion's wildest power.

Love has its sunshine, and its shade;
 I knew its pleasure, and I feel its pain;
 Its pleasure like a passing vision fled,
 But ah ! its sorrow ever will remain.

A phantom haunts my bosom's every dream,
 A dear delusion of a heavenly kind,
 More lovely far than beauty's brightest beam,
 'Tis virtue in an angel form enshrined.

A phantom ! no, 'tis dear reality ;
 These eyes have seen it, and this heart hath felt ;
 'Tis gone, but the soft eye of memory
 Shall o'er its cherish'd semblance ever melt.

When these sad eyes are seal'd in latest night,
 And this impassion'd bosom lies at rest ;
 In one short line my history you may write—
 "Wretched for years, and but one moment blest."

THE MISANTHROPE.

Oh bear me to some secret shade !
 To some dark, deep Lethcean grove !
 Where friendship's name was never heard,
 Where I may never dream of love.

There might I claim the sympathy
 Of barren rocks, and deserts drear ;
 These mock not with the smile of love,
 These shed not the dissembling tear.

Friendship is but a childish play ;
 Blush, proud humanity, for shame !
 Man sports it with his brother man,
 Nor stakes a feeling at the game.

And love is still an idler sport,
 A word not worth the reckoning ;
 A dream of maids and giddy youths,
 The semblance of some unseen thing.

Joy, friendship, love, imposing names !
 To youth's untutor'd bosom dear ;
 Ev'n, from the heart ye have deceiv'd
 Ye claim the tribute of a tear.

Oh beauteous are the fairy scenes,
 That charm the raptur'd eye of youth !
 Who would exchange the dream of hope,
 For years of bare ungilded truth !

Yet who, for childhood's sweet return,
 Would brave another life of pain ?
 Ah many ! (such a dupe is man,)
 Would trust and be deceiv'd again.

There was a time, but it is past,
 When I was gay as any one :
 Remembrance oft, in musing mood,
 Recalls the season that is gone.

Oh ! like the bright deluder hope,
 Remembrance too shall have its day ;
 O'er ruin'd hope 'twill shed its tear,
 And like a vision pass away.

Away ye tender dreams ! away !
 I may not feel affection's glow,
 Again, at love's deluding shrine,
 This stubborn heart shall never bow.

Oh ! bear me to some secret shade !
 To some dark, deep Lethean grove !
 Where friendship's name was never heard,
 Where I may never dream of love.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

Oh ! blanch'd is that visage, and hoary the hairs,
 In the cold icy winds of the winter that wave ;
 Short while, and the pilgrim's lone bosom of cares
 Shall calmly repose in the home of the grave.

A few fleeting days, and the sorrows shall cease
 That burst from his bosom in many a sigh ;
 Ah ! surely 'tis well that a dwelling of peace
 Remains for the weary of heart in the sky.

Yet the soul, ere it leave them for ever, may cast
 One thought on the cares of its lowly sojourn ;
 One sigh of regret o'er the joys that are past
 May burst from the heart on mortality's bourn.

The wretch, on the verge of eternity's years,
 Looks back with a sigh ere his spirit depart ;
 For Oh ! there are ties in this valley of tears,
 That twine round the core of the loneliest heart.

'Though long set in darkness, that visionless eye
 On the bright form of loveliness once may have dwelt
 And the heart that seems bursting with sorrow's last
 sigh,
 Perchance the sweet raptures of love may have felt.

Oh yes ! and perchance he hath wept o'er the fall
 Of the hopes that deceived with the semblance of
 truth :

One poor orphan-child is the remnant of all
 That his bosom had loved, in the pride of his youth

And Oh ! though the wanderer's eye may not trace
 The smiles, on the brow of his daughter that play,
 Remembrance hath pictured a form and a face,
 Like those of a loved one who sleeps in the clay.

Poor child ! when thy guardian is laid in the grave,
 Who then will alleviate the woes of thy heart ?
 And who, in the dark hour of trial, will save
 Thy bloom and thy beauty from villainous art ;

With none to befriend, and no eye to deplore thee,
 Perchance thou art destined to wander forlorn ;
 But yet in the sky there's a God to watch o'er thee,
 Who tempers the wind to the lamb that is shorn.

THE GLOAMIN.

There is an hour that wakes the sigh
 Of early youth's remember'd years ;
 That sheds the light of days gone by
 O'er scenes embalm'd in memory's tears.

I love that hour, when, softly calm,
 The lingering beams of day depart—
 Sweet hour ! that brings a soothing balm
 To many a worn and weary heart.

'Tis sweet, when o'er the marshy fen
 The low white mists of evening creep,
 To list the streamlet of the glen,
 Far in the distance, murmuring deep.

Beneath the yew-tree's holy shade,
 When the grey bat is flitting by,
 O'er the low dwelling of the dead,
 'Tis sweet to breathe affection's sigh.

'Tis sweet to muse on wizard rhymes,
 When the slow beetle's vesper hymn,
 Sad as the voice of other times,
 Comes floating on the gloamin dim.

But Oh ! 'tis sweeter still to woo
 The trysting hawthorn's fragrant shade ;
 When, softly tripping o'er the dew,
 Comes, with light heart, the blushing maid.

Is there an hour of dearer bliss
 Than that sweet hour, when trembling youth
 Steals, half afraid, the first warm kiss
 From the pure lip of love and truth ?

Ah none ! through all the after years
 That mark this tedious life of pain,
 Th' ecstatic dream of hopes and fears
 Can ne'er so dearly charm again.

For Oh ! young love's delirious power
 Can but one fleeting moment last ;
 'Tis like the rose's faded flower,
 Though fragrant still, its bloom is past.

Yet there's a feeling that imparts
 A balm, the wounded soul to heal ;
 A charm to all, save blighted hearts
 Like mine, that long have ceased to feel.

To me, alas ! love's dear embrace,
 And friendship's smile avail not now ;
 Nor heav'ns pure breeze, it cannot chase
 The burning fever from my brow.

The halo, once by memory cast
 Around me, might have hush'd my sadness ;
 Its meteor beauty now is past,
 No more to soothe an hour of madness.

Still, in that hour, when gloamin's fall
 Spreads o'er the scene its hallow'd veil,
 The musing eye may roam o'er all
 The fairy world of memory's tale.

Remembrance ! thou art all to me,
 My sun of joy hath long been set ;
 The tale of rapture told by thee,
 Is all that I would not forget.

Yes, I will woo thee, Memory !
 When floating in the dusky air,
 And mingling with the zephyr's sigh,
 Is heard the hermit's evening prayer :

And haply, when the lingering years
 Of bitterness have pass'd away,
 This eye, long, long unblest by tears,
 May weep to hail a happier day.

A FRAGMENT.

'Tis mournful to watch by the lonely bed,
 Where a friend or a brother is dying ;
 To sigh o'er the resting place of the dead,
 Where the corpse of a parent is lying.

'Tis mournful to think of the last adieu,
 By a wife or a sister spoken ;
 For those who have been the most faithful and true,
 Often leave us the bitterest token.

'Tis mournful to gaze on the wither'd form
 Of an early faded blossom ;
 And to know that to-morrow the crawling worm
 Will riot on beauty's bosom.

Yet these are but fleeting pangs of a day,
 That we dimly remember to-morrow ;
 But to watch o'er an only child's decay,
 Is the deepest, the bitterest sorrow.

Have ye seen him whose brow is darken'd with thought
 Through the church-yard pensively roaming ?
 Ye will find him alone by the burial spot
 Of his child, at the grey of gloaming.

He is left in the world, unfriended and lone ;
 He will leave no memorial behind him :
 He needs not the aid of a funeral stone
 Of the sacred spot to remind him.

His eye is dim, and his cheek is sere,
 And mark'd with many a furrow :
 He comes to let fall one bitter tear.
 'Tis the last of his earthly sorrow.

The day of her beauty was lovely and brief,
 And bright was the prospect before her ;
 Nor lingering and slow was the hour of grief,
 For its anguish pass'd suddenly o'er her.

Few, few of the happy will weep for her fate,
 For simple and plain is her story :
 'Tis said that it shames not the noble and great
 O'er the wreck of poor virtue to glory.

The heartless seducer may scoff at the guilt
 That the wiles of his villainy taught her ;
 But Oh ! let him kneel where a father hath knelt !
 On the grave of an only daughter.

Let him boast of the trophies of perjury there,
 And tell if its triumph endureth ;
 And study, tho' late, the strange language of prayer,
 When beauty no longer allureth.

L I N E S

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF THE TABLE ROCK,
 NIAGARA FALLS.

Great Spirit of the waters ! I have come,
 From forth mine own indomitable home,
 Far o'er the billows of the eternal sea,
 To breathe my heart's deep homage unto thee,
 And gaze on glories that might wake to prayer
 All but the hopeless victim of despair.

'Flood of the forest, fearfully sublime,
 Restless, resistless as the tide of time,
 There is no type of thee—thou art alone,
 In sleepless glory rushing on and on.
 Flood of the desert ! thou hast been to me
 A dream ; and thou art still a mystery.
 Would I had seen thee years and years ago,
 While thou wert yet unworshipped and unknown,
 And thy fierce torrent, as it rushed along,
 Through the wild desert poured its booming song,
 Unheard by all save him of lordly mood—
 The bronzed and free-born native of the wood.
 How would my heart have quivered to its core,
 To know its God, not all revealed before !
 In other times when I was wont to roam
 Around the mist-robed mountain peaks of home,
 My fancy wandered to this Western clime,
 Where all the haunts of nature are sublime ;
 And thou wert on my dream so dread a thing,
 I trembled at my own imagining.
 Flood of the forest ! I have been with thee,
 And still thou art a mystery to me.
 Years will roll on as they have rolled, and thou
 Wilt speak in thunder as thou speakest now ;
 And when the name that I inscribe to-day
 Upon thine altar shall have passed away
 From all remembrance, and the lay I sing

Shall long have been but a forgotten thing—
 Thou wilt be sung, and other hands than mine
 Shall wreath a worthier chaplet for thy shrine,

ON THE SAME.

Roll on, mysterious river, in thy might
 Awakening dreams of terrible delight,
 Or thrilling fear, and turning into nought
 All that hath e'er been sketched in human thought,
 Of beauty and of grandeur—God hath thrown
 A glorious girdle round thee—God alone
 Can curb thy restless torrent—He who gave
 His voice of thunder to thy rushing wave,
 And built on foam the bright prismatic bow
 That sheds its glory on the gulf below—
 Yea, He whose path is in the secret deep,
 Shall lull thy troubled spirit into sleep,
 Still as a wearied babe's that on the breast
 Of yearning love is cradled into rest.

THE VILLAGE POET.—A FRAGMENT.

Know ye a wight of dark and wayward mood,
 Whose brow bespeaks a bosom wrung with care;
 Whose eye still broods on joyless solitude,
 Reckless that aught in this gay world is fair,

Save the lone desert and the trackless wood,
 Where oft he breathes his heart's unwritten prayer.
 A being of another world he seems,
 A lonely stranger from a land of dreams?

I know him well—I knew him when a child,
 While yet he deem'd that fancy's tale was sooth—
 Even then, he was not happy when he smiled;
 For thought will blight the fairest bloom of youth—
 Even then, he wooed the spirit-haunted wild,
 To muse by night on some unlovely truth.
 Even then he felt, although the *wierd* was dim,
 That this wide world had little room for him.

Oft have I seen him, as he went to school,
 Pausing and pondering on his tatter'd book;
 Still poring o'er some cramp grammatic rule,
 Or gazing, with a fix'd and wizard look,
 On the blue sky, shown in a waveless pool,
 Or the scarce ruffled bosom of a brook.
 First at his task, nor second oft at play,
 Demure or careless, he was seldom gay.

Man of the world! it will not much avail,
 'That thou should'st read the village minstrel's strain;
 Such hearts as thine will recognize the tale
 As the dull working of an idle brain;
 He will not reck, for sermons too are stale,
 And sweetest music to thine ear is vain.

Man of the world ! it boots not aught to thee,
What he hath been, nor what his song may be.

Yet, Oh, perchance ! on some far distant day,
When he hath bade this idle world adieu,
Some kindred spirit, musing o'er his lay,
May tune the minstrel's broken harp anew.
Some stricken pilgrim, lingering by the way,
With wild-wood flowers, his narrow grave may strew.
To him it boots not, whether praise or blame
Shall be the guerdon of his humble name.

He early felt a strange, unbidden glow
Warm all his bosom, as he gazed upon
The unbroken charm that dwelt upon the brow
Of a fair girl, who, when her task was done,
Would sit beside him, while his ear would glow
To her soft whisper, breathed to him alone.
Shame on the cold philosophy that weans
The heart from love, and all its fairy scenes !

Shame on the heart so cold and passionless !
That scorns the charm which beauty round her deals ;
I would not give one little hour of bliss,
Such as the rapture-stricken bosom feels—
I would not give one pure ecstatic kiss,
For all that wisdom to the world reveals.
Shame on the prudence that would stem the flood
Of generous feeling's ever throbbing blood !

Round his young heart that fairy-spirit wove
 A web of spells, unconscious of its art :
 She seem'd a vagrant angel from above,
 So pure, so bright ; but they were doom'd to part,
 Perchance he wept, for childhood's earliest love
 Is not the burning fever of the heart,
 That dries the spring of unforbidden tears,
 And wastes the strength of man's maturer years.

I envy not the stoic's boasted lot,
 By grief untroubled, and by joy unblest'd ;
 I tremble, lest long years of care should blot
 Those early records from my throbbing breast.
 Far rather let my being's fragile knot
 Be now untied, and let me be at rest.
 I would not be a reptile of a day,
 A crawling thing of unimpassion'd clay.

If chance he grieved, 'twas only for a day—
 Hope, pride, ambition, gave his heart relief :
 When we are young, ere these have known decay,
 One hour, 'tis true, may wake the tear of grief ;
 But, Oh ! the next will dash that tear away :
 'Twere well if manhood's sorrows were as brief—
 'Twere well if these could neutralize the fears
 That darkly brood o'er life's declining years.

True, there are moments when a few faint gleams
 Of broken sunshine burst upon his mind :

He dwells not always in his world of dreams ;
 But sometimes will associate with his kind.
 True, he can smile, but aye his smiling seems
 Blent with a cloud of darkness, undefined,
 That shows a heart, whate'er had been its fate,
 By nature form'd, the world and man to hate.

From books and men, perchance from women too,
 Much hath he learn'd of idle common place :
 Some books are useless, and the residue
 Only directs our wayward thoughts to trace
 This plain, blunt truth, that there is nothing new
 In all the history of life's bootless chace.
 Women are books, tho' he hath read them most,
 Which least repay the labor and the cost.

Much hath he read of woman's bloated book ;
 Degraded woman ! thou art all a lie.
 What is thy beauty but a gilded hook,
 To catch the young, unwary passer-by ?
 All, all of love that woman's heart can brook,
 Dies in the brief-lived anguish of a sigh.
 The loves and friendships of the world are one—
 The heart that trusts to either is undone.

To-day the bard hath closed his thirtieth year,
 The middle volume of the book of life :
 To him no more the voice of song is dear,
 And who will reck ? for poets now are rife :

He will not long have any business here,
 And much he cares not—'tis a scene of strife—
 Why should he care? no children he will leave,
 No wife, a lingering week or two to grieve.

Upon the centre of the arch, whose span
 Extends across time's ever-restless tide,
 He trembling stands, reluctant still to scan
 The clouds that on its farther verge abide,
 He fain would know the destiny of man,
 When time's tempestuous current shall subside.
 The years of life, when all its years are past,
 Will not be worth recounting at the last.

When he hath closed his brief, but fateful tale,
 And o'er his urn unhallow'd weeds shall wave,
 What will his rhymes and wanderings avail?
 What will he gain, although his wizard stave,
 In years far hence, should ring o'er hill and dale?
 A name—poor bauble! can it reach the grave?
 Alas! can praise, to living men so dear,
 Regale the dulness of a dead man's ear.

Fame melts away, like antic tracery wrought
 By idle school-boy's finger on the snow;
 And yet, I ween, it is not cheaply bought,—
 The child of genius is the child of woe:
 The victim still of many a wayward thought,
 That others know not, and can never know

'Tis true, our songster hath but little claim
To the proud honors of a poet's name.

True ! much he knows not of the splendid throng
Of ancient bards, who pour'd the living lay ;
Albeit, at school he conn'd the Latin song,
That charm'd proud Rome, when empires own'd her
sway.

He better loves to spend his hours among
The vocal groves of Britain's later day ;
To tread the wilds where Caledonia mourns,
O'er the cold ashes of ill-fated Burns !

'Tis his to cull a few ungather'd flowers,
That bloom unseen on Conveth's dewy dale ;
'Tis his, unknown, to wander in the bowers
Of green Kincardine's hill-embosom'd vale ;
Where once a minstrel spent his infant hours—
Where Edwin learn'd to con his simple tale.
Why should we hold the voice of fame so dear ?
Even Beatties name is half-forgotten here.

Who then will ask the lineage or the name,
Or read the history of the village bard ?
Though few, perchance, will recognise the claim
Of one so humble to the world's regard ;
It will not be recorded to his shame,
That he hath sung for lucre's base reward.

To noblest names but little praise is due—
 All praise is flattery—flattery all untrue.

ON A TOBACCO PIPE.

This crazy brain I needna rype
 For ony thing surprisin ;
 I'll just gi'e this auld cutty pipe
 A mament's moralizin :

An' though the lady-finger't spark
 Wad rather touch a nettle ;
 For a' his boots an' ruffled sark,
 He's made o' coarser mettle.

I carena for the siller't gype,
 Wha, turnin aye his e'e up,
 Thinks me a reekit, cutty pipe,
 Himsel' a china tea-cup.

Yes, lordly man, wha struts his day,
 Ambition's idle votary,
 Is like this brittle tube o' clay,
 Or lump o' Stafford pottery.

The scandal cup, o' finest gear,
 May grace the hand o' beauty ;
 The bladdo-bowl, o' teugher wear,
 As cithly does its duty.

This black-mou'd cutty, worn an' auld,
 That I sae dousely crack o' :

Though I a raith twice owre hae tauld,
Sin' first it brunt tobacco.

Just sairs its end, as gin 't war' new,
Wi' head o' brass or copper :
Though it mith gar the youngster spew,
Wha fain wad be a smoker.

It's nae a gowd that glitters gay ;
There may be dross an' a' in't.
The pipe that's made o' finest clay
May ablins ha'e a flaw in't.

An' he wha struts in gowden lace,
Though happier his lot is,
May ablins be as scant o' grace
As ony Hottentot is.

The countra clown, wha scarce can tell
A towmont frae a cent'ry,
For sterlin worth may bear the bell
Out owre a host o' gentry.

This truth aye hauds o'er a' the earth,
Amang baith fule an' wise o't.
That honour's nae in wealth or birth ;
True virtue's aye the price o't.

The fairest cheek will turn to clay,
For a' the gaudy hyde o't ;
Like an auld pipe 'tis cast away,
Whane'er it tynes the pride o't.

Wha wad renown, or riches seek,
 Or pomp, or fashion talk o' ?
 They're but the evanescent reck
 O' human life's tobacco.

Then, brethren, fill the muckle cog,
 An' gar auld sorrow soom in't ;
 The world may set the rich agog,
 But puir fouk maun ha'e room in't.

But while ye smoke the tither pipe,
 An' ca' the tither gill in ;
 Devall betimes, afore ye rype
 Toom pouches for a shillin.

TO A SHILLING.

Thou little mammon ! not to thee
 My heart's idolatry I gi'e ;
 It shames a ragged bard like me,
 To shaw his face,
 Whar' courtly minstrels bend the knee
 Wi' better grace.

But yet, howe'er thou may'st seem
 Unmeet to grace a poet's theme ;
 It's but a mere poetic dream,
 To scorn thy worth ;
 For thou art still the power supreme
 Owre a' the earth.

The page o' history can tell,
 For thee, how heroes fought an' fell ;
 How, warm'd by thee, the bard himsel'
 Feels brighter rapture :
 For thee the priest besieges hell,
 Wi' blauds o' scripture.

They say that statesmen, to the de'il,
 For thee ha'e sauld their country's weal ;
 Preferment's brae e'en let them speel,
 I'se aye be thankful ;
 Whae'er draws prizes frae the wheel,
 I maun be blank still.

The sage divine may mak' a noise
 About cauld poortith's *humble joys* ;
 But let him cast aside the toys
 O' wealth that grieve him :
 Let toil an' hardship be his choice,
 An' I'll believe him.

To thee—thou bonny, brilliant thing !
 What incense can a poet bring ?
 To thee—thou prophet, priest, an' king
 O' mony a saunt !
 My muse, grown maughtless, downa sing,
 For perfect want.

Waes me ! for ony ragged wight,
 Wha, coinless, through the world maun fight :

When *Dei Gratia* tak's its flight
 Frae out their pantry.
 Nae body doubts the de'il's gude right,
 Even to the pantry.

The cheil, by Nature stamp'd a cuif,
 Wi' smerghless saul an' brainless roof.
 Against rumgumption treble proof,
 Though sense may geek him :
 Wi' routh o' siller in his loof,
 Nae priest wad blaik him.

Far better be a lordling's tool,
 Far better dree the miser's dool,
 On mashlo scones frae yule to yule,
 Than want a shillin' :
 For coinless virtue's ay a snool,
 Or else a villain.

Ah, will-a-wins ! that honest merit
 Sud toil for bread, an' villains share it ;
 That man, by sad misfortune herriet,
 Sud ay be cast out—
 O, thou, unseen, eternal spirit,
 Is this the last o't ?

If sae, gin we can gather cash,
 About our sauls we needna fash,
 Nor dread auld hornie's iron lash,
 In hell's mark pantry :

Plain honesty, an' sic-like trash,
Can ne'er mak gentry.

Though honest folk may ablin's seunner,
At envy, malice, an' dishonour;
Plain truth but seldom is a winner,
For a' its sough;
Gin our salvation buy a dinner,
Its cheap eneugh.

I've seen, by dint o' joukrey trade,
Some chieks wha wad ha'e fley'd the glode,
Get their cauld hurdies brawly clad,
In bien attire;
While truth, unshod, was doom'd to tread,
Through dub an' mire,

A conscience is a mere nick-nacket,
At best nae worth a rusty tacket;
Gin sellin' 't wad procure a jacket,
Or pair o' shune,
I kenna wha wad e'er gang naket,
As I ha'e done.

Owre a' the earth the chiel wi' pence,
Gets credit aye for worth an' sense;
But chiefly i' the ale-house spense,
His word's respeckit:
There, honest poortith's sma' pretence
Is aye negleckit.



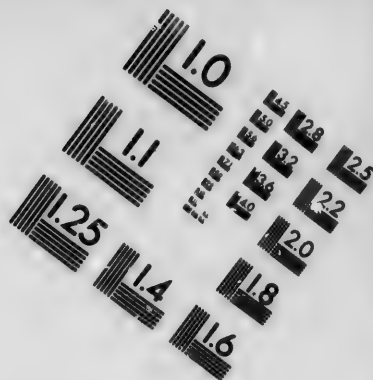
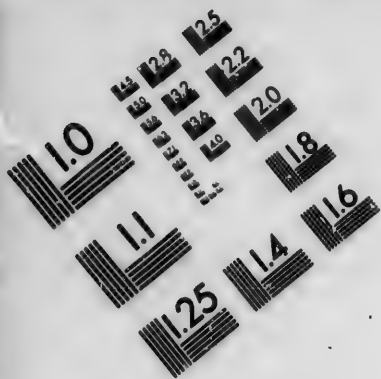
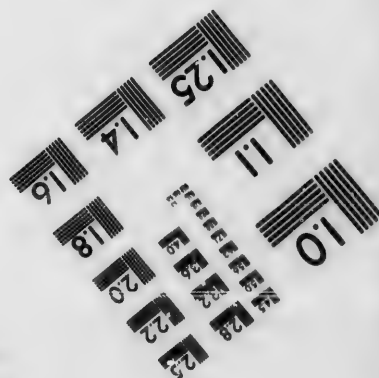
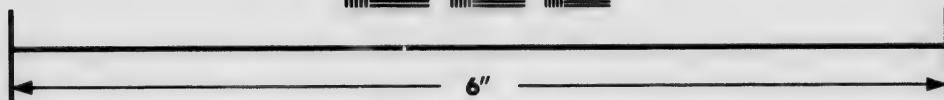
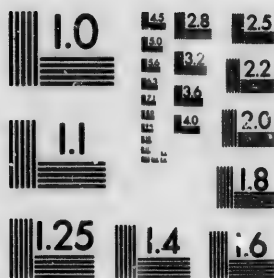


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic Sciences Corporation

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O well ken I a landlord's worth !
 He laughs to see our purse come forth ;
 But when misfortune's blae sky'd north
 Is blawn asklent us,
 He'll leave us sprawlin' i' the earth,
 Nor heed he kent us,

The puir wanwordy ne'er-do-weel,
 Whase cash has flown like fire frae steel,
 In vain may beg ae dram to sweel
 His birslet craig ;
 He'll douk him in a water skeel,
 Like ony vaig.

Awa' ! ye bloodless, heartless pack,
 Wha peel the ruin'd wan-thrift's back ;
 Syne turn him out whan tempests black
 Around are bizzin' ;
 Shame fa' your sauls ! nae worth a plack,
 The cadger's dozen.

S O N G .

O cold and cheerless is the grove !
 Its fragrance gone, its beauty dead ;
 And blighted is the flower of love,
 That bloom'd beneath its dewy shade.
 I may be sad, ev'n for its sake ;
 My heart may swell, it cannot break.

O tell me not ! that I may yet
 Forbear to love the faithless one,
 That one I never can forget ;
 I cannot love as I have done.
 But though the bloom of hope is dead,
 A tear I will not, cannot shed.

That she is happier, I will deem,
 Than if her heart had still been mine :
 'Twill be my bosom's dearest dream ;
 Oh bid me not that dream resign.
 I must be sad for Jessy's sake,
 My heart must beat, it will not break.

Yet, did I think a sigh of mine
 Her bosom's valued peace would break,
 Ev'n memory's pang I would resign,
 I would be happy for her sake.
 My peace is gone, my heart is dead,
 A tear I will not, cannot shed.

THE HEATHER.

Oh fair is the red rose, and sweet its perfuming !
 And sweet is the daisy that flowers on the lea ;
 But far, on the wild moor, the balm and the blooming
 Of Scotia's red heather are dearer to me.
 'Tis sweet, when the breeze of the evening is blowing,
 To mark the wild heather its red blossom showing ;

To wander alone by the hill-hunter's grave,
 Where, sad, in the twilight, the green *brakens* wave.
 'Tis sweet, at the dawning, to stray on the mountain,
 And brush the clear dew from the red heather flower ;
 To wander at noon by the glen's mossy fountain,
 Or rest in the shade of the yellow broom bower.
 Oh dear is the heather to memory's bosom !
 It sheds o'er the hills of my fathers its blossom ;
 And dear is the mountain-bird's threnody stave,
 That thrills like the pibroch's wild note o'er their grave.

Yes, Caledonia, the tales of thy glory

Recall to my fancy the heroes of yore !

Ah ! where are the warriors renown'd in thy story ?

They sleep—and the pibroch awakes them no more.

Ah ! where are the heroes whose blood dyed the heather
 Of gloomy Culloden ?—They slumber together :
 Forgotten they sleep, and the dew-water'd blooms
 Of Scotia's red heather droop over their tombs.

THE LOVE THAT FADETH NOT.

There is a tie of holy kind
 Around the bosom's being twined ;
 There is a pulse whose gentle throe
 More dear than passion's reckless flow,
 As flame of holy vestal pure,
 Unchanged for ever doth endure.
 Such is the love that fadeth not,
 That may not cannot be forgot.

It is a dream of heavenly birth,
A wish that hath no name on earth,
It doth not burn, it doth not melt ;
It is not seen, but it is felt ;
It lifts the soul, but lifts it not
Above the calm controul of thought,
Such is the love that fadeth not,
That may not, cannot be forgot.

Soft is the sigh, and sweet the tear,
To true love's bosom ever dear.
Love doth a pleasing pang impart,
That saddens and refines the heart,
It is a feeling given to few,
For ever warm, for ever true.
This is the love that fadeth not,
That may not, cannot be forgot.
